Memories.

A fragrant scent of April rain
Falling on budding leaves;
A fragrance sweet of flow'rets fair
Wafted upon the breeze.

A glimpse of sunshine shining bright
Upon the rain-kissed earth;
The songs of birds in joyous glee
Hailing the Spring-tide's birth.

The Winter snows are on the ground,
Yet still I seem to be
'Mid the Spring's sounds and odours sweet
Which Mem'ry brings to me.

A vison sweet of loving eyes
Looking into mine own,
A voice I know, though months have passed
Since I have heard its tone;

A mem'ry dear of precious words,
Words which I treasure yet—
Of kisses sweet upon my lips—
Could I that time forget?

O sweet day-dreams long passed away!
O hopes too fair to last!
O Mem'ry dear which brings to me
This vision of the Past! EMMA BINER.

Parting.

Weep not that we must part;
Partings are short, eternity is long.
Life is but one brief stage,
And they that say love ends with life are wrong.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love cannot die.

What though so far away?
Thy thoughts are still with me, and with thee mine,
And absence has no power
To lessen what by nature is divine.
List to thine own heart's cry—
Love cannot die

Then weep no more, my love;
Weeping but shows thy trust in me is small.
Faith is by calmness proved.
For know this truth; thou canst not love at all
Unless thine own heart cry—
Love cannot die.

THE SCISSORS GRINDER.

A LOVER'S RUSE.

"Is he really so handsome?" said Eleanor May, incredulously.

"The handsomest man you ever saw in your life!" cried Olive Satterly.

She was sitting on the back door step, shelling peas, with a great cinnamon rose-bush showering its pink petals down on her brown braids of hair, and her hazel eyes sparkling beneath their long lashes, while Maude, the beauty of the family, leaned out of the window, her pretty tresses screwed up in crimping papers, and a gingham wrapper buttoned carelessly at the throat, with no ornamental accessories in the way of collars, frills, or ribbon bows; for Maude had been to a party the night before, and had slept late, scolded her mother because the coffee was cold, and absolutely declined any interference with the household affairs that morning.

"Exactly like a corsair!" said Maude, suppressing a yawn. "Tall and dark, with such a great diamond on his little finger, and eyes like sherry wine. And he was so surprised to think that I recognized him through his disguise!"

"What costume did he assume?" asked Eleanor May, who, not having received an invitation to the fancy-dress ball at Mrs. Pipington's, was naturally exceedingly inquisitive on the subject.

"A Pirate," said Maude. "With black velvet cap, you know, and scarlet sash, and a cutlass. And he declared he would disguise himself so completely the next time that I couldn't possibly identify him, and he wagered a box of kid gloves on the question."

"I suppose he means at Lizzie Hooker's birthday party?" said Olive.

"Of course," said Maude.

"I wish I could go!" said Olive working diligently away at the peas, that dropped like emerald rain into the shining tin pan.

"Well you can't," replied Maude, shortly. "Mamma says she cannot afford two fancy dresses, and I'm the oldest."

"Yes, I know," said Olive meekly.

"And Mr. Mendicote danced only once with you last night," added Maude, unable to repress her exultation, "and he waltzed with me three times, besides the German!"

Little Olive, looking shyly up at her sister, secretly wished that Providence had seen fit to make her also a beauty.

"I suppose," said Miss May, curiously, "that he is very rich?"

"Oh, very," nodded Maude.

And Olive's thoughts jumped at once to the idea of how beautiful her sister would look in the regulation orange blossoms and white tulle.

"I wonder if I ever shall be married?" pondered Olive, shelling peas faster than ever.

"Who's that coming around the corner of the house?" cried Maude, with some asperity. "One of those everlasting peddlers again? Oh, it's only a scissors-grinder."

"And very fortunate, too," said Mrs. Satterly, a pale, over-worked little woman, with light hair and faded complexion; "for my shears are so bad I don't cut with 'em. And there's the embroidery scissors, and the pair that belongs to the mending basket, and—"

"How much do you ask a pair?" demanded Maude, sailing out upon the garden path, with her pretty feet thrust into slipshod slippers, soiled wrapper torn down one side, and her hair yet in the loose, tangled curls, which had hung like coiled gold down her back the night before.

The man—a swart-browed, stooping foreigner—set his wheel upon the grass, bowed low, with a smile which disclosed teeth gleaming whitely through his thick, bushy beard, and held up six fingers, in pantomimic gesture.

"That's too much," said Maude.

"He can't understand you," said Eleanor, laughing.

Miss Satterly shook her head, stamped the little untidy foot, held up six pairs of scissors in various stages of dilapidation, and displayed a silver quarter of a dollar.

The scissors-grinder smiled again, made an obeisance nearly to the ground, and assented to the bargain with numerous nods and signs.

"Isn't he funny?" said Eleanor.

"Horrid velveteen-coated fellow!" said Maude. "To think that he belongs to the same humanity with my divine Algernon!"

"He looks tired and thirsty," said gentle-hearted Olive. "I've a great mind to offer him a cool drink."

"You'll do no such thing," said Maude, imperiously. "I'll have no sister of mine running to wait on scissors-grinders! Mamma, is that chocolate ready yet?"

"Chocolate?" repeated poor Mrs. Satterly, with a conscience-stricken air, "I declare, Maude, I forgot all about it. But I'll run directly and set it boiling."

Maude Satterly crimsoned to the very temples.

"Forgot!" repeated she. "You're always forgetting! I never saw any one like you in my life! No; I won't have it now. If you can't prepare my chocolate when I want it, you shan't prepare it at all. I should think you might have thought of it, Olive."

"I am very sorry, Maude," began Olive, apologetically; "for all that, I think you ought not to speak so crossly to mamma."

"Hold your tongue!" said Maude stamping her foot again. "Do you suppose I'm going to be tutored by you? I shall speak as I please, and so I give you fair warning! Dear me, how that scissors-grinder's buzzing makes my head ache!"

And she swept into the house like a fair fury.

When Olive came in, a few minutes afterward, with the six pairs of scissors sharpened and burnished up to a scientific state of brilliancy, her sister was lying on the sofa with her face turned toward the wall, and her eyes resolutely closed.

"Oh, dear me!" thought Olive, "I'm afraid she's in for one of her regular sulking fits, that lasts twenty-four hours at a time."

And she took advantage of circumstances to pour out a goblet of ice-water, and offered it surreptitiously to the swarthy Italian, when she carried out the silver quarter that he had so hardly earned.

He bowed low, once more after the oriental fashion, drank it eagerly, and astonished Olive very much by raising her hand to his lips, as he uttered the words, "Buon giorno, signorina!" and departed.

"I suppose it's his foreign way," said Olive turning very rosy.

"It's lucky for you that Maude didn't see him," laughed Eleanor May.

"Oh, Eleanor, don't tell her!" said Olive, blushing deeper than ever.

"Of course I shan't," said Eleanor.

* * * * * * *

"Well, what luck?" demanded Guy Mariner, as he sat smoking at his window that evening, and hailed with acclamation the approach of Algernon Medlicote.

"I've won my wager?"

"No!"

"But, by the shades of Mohammed, I have!" asserted Medlicote, sitting down where the cool breeze of twilight could fan his brow.

"How did you manage?"

"I disguised myself as a scissor-grinder, and put the family shears in perfect order."

"Did they suspect?—the young ladies I mean."

"Not in the least."

"And how does the 'Fair One with the Golden Locks' appear in the seclusion of her own home?"

Medlicote made a slight grimace.

"Like a slovenly virago," said he "Had it been anything else than the testimony of my own eyes, I couldn't have believed it. But Olive—little brown-eyed Olive—she is a jewel of the rarest water."

"So you have transferred your allegiance from one sister to the other!" laughed Mariner. "But isn't it rather hard for the divine Maude to lose both her wager and her lover at the same time?"

"It's a rosebud mouth," said Medlicote, gravely shaking his head; "but the sharp words spoiled its perfect Cupid's bow; the hair was like spun gold, but crimping papers are not becoming to the female face. And upon the whole, Mariner, I think I have reason to be grateful forever and ever to the scissors grinding fraternity."

And beautiful Maude Satterly could not understand why it was that Algernon Medlicote proposed to little brown-skinned Olive instead of her.

"Everybody thought he was devoted to me," said she, disconsolately.

"Perhaps he changed his mind," said Eleanor.

Of course Mr. Medlicote confessed the episode of the scissors grinding to his blushing and happy little wife after their marriage—well regulated husbands never do keep anything from their wives—but Maude never suspected. For what says the old adage?

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Monument to the Unknown Dead.

Among the most noteworthy of the recent mementoes of the war is the memorial obelisk erected at Salisbury, N. C., to mark the burial place of the Northern soldiers who perished in adjacent prison-pen, during the last years of the great conflict. It has been estimated that the 18 trenches contain no fewer than 11,700 men buried promiscuously, without the possibility of identification, from which circumstance this burial ground is known as the "Cemetery of the Unknown Dead. It lies about half a mile from the town of Salisbury, on a sloping ground, and has an extent of about seven acres, surrounded by a massive stone wall. The cemetery proper covers two acres, the other five being laid out as a lawn, and planted with trees. A neat lodge has been erected at the main entrance, over which the national colors are daily displayed in fine weather. The monument itself, a plain obelisk of New-Hampshire granite, 36 feet 10 inches in height, is from a design by Augustus Van Cleef, of New York, and was erected at a cost of $10,000. The unknown names of the dead are poetically symbolized by a veiled shield. A sword and helmet typify the national struggle, and a pair of broken fetters the bursting of the prison bonds by death. Over all, surrounded by a laurel-wreath, is the inscription "Pro Patria." The monument, standing on the highest part of the slope, is plainly visible from the railway, and forms one of the most picturesque features of the local panorama.

An Elephant's Gratitude.

The Birmingham Gazette says that among the animals belonging to a menagarie that visited Tenbury recently is a fine female elephant named "Lizzie." Nearly five years ago this animal, after a hard walk, was allowed to drink a quantity of cold water, the result being that she was seized with severe illness, and her life was all but despaired of. A chemist of Tenbury being called in, by his vigorous efforts and skillful treatment she ultimately recovered. Lizzie had not forgotten her preserver; and when she was walking in procession through Tenbury, recognizing the chemist at the door of his shop, she left the other animals, and going to him affectionately placed her trunk in his hand. In the evening the chemist visited the exhibition, when Lizzie gave him a warm and most gratifying reception. Gently encircling him with her trunk, she held him for some time captive, to the anxiety of the spectators, and was with difficulty induced to let him go.

Trifles.

A set speech—One in type.

Staple articles—Padlocks.

Well-wishers—Thirsty travellers.

Often above par—a bald head.

A crude interest—A petroleum-well.

Of all natural men Audubon was the naturalist.

The rock on which families are established is rock the cradle.

"Irony of the law—Sentencing a blacksmith for "forgery."

A lady, describing an ill-natured man, says he never smiles, but he feels ashamed of it.

An Arabian proverb says, "The idle are a peculiar kind of dead, who cannot be buried,"

Two things go off in a hurry—an arrow dismissed from a bow, and a beau dismissed by a belle.

The best medicine for a sick man is to back him up against a mule. That animal will heel him.

A farmer was killed by his hired man and the coroner's verdict was, 'Death by his own hand."

Every time a young lady hands him her album David Davis writes above his name the sentiment, Weight makes the man.

It was not Beecher, but another parson, who said in prefacing his sermon: "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin."

GRACE (whispering): "What lovely boots your partner's got, Mary!" Mary (ditto): "Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end."—*Punch.*

When a society reporter wishes to puff a plain, vulgar girl, he remarks that she is as beautiful as she is accomplished.—*Boston Post.*

A statue has just been erected at Sydney, New South Wales, to the memory of Capt. Cook. We believe he was carved there once before.

A Maine man got lost in the woods, and lived four days on wild onions. At the end of the time he was found by the bouquet of his breath.

It's always the big fellows that get to the front in a crowd. Look at the strawberry box for instance; the little ones are always at the bottom.

The Syracuse *Times* marvels at the economy of a woman who buys a five-dollar frame for a fifty cent chromo which she drew with a pound of tea.

A New-Orleans man, being just about to fail, was asked how many cents he intended to pay on the dollar. "Just as many as I can borrow," was the reply.

Very kind gentleman: "Do you know, my dear, that we have to-day the shortest day in the year?" Lady: "Very true; but your presence makes me forget it."

Connecticut gives its State agricultural society $3,000 a year, and its twenty-five county and local agricultural societies $3,100—or an average of $125 each.

We read in a foreign letter, printed in a New York weekly paper, that "Toulouse is a large town containing upward of 60,000 inhabitants, built entirely of brick?"

When you hear a country church choir singing, "There will be no more sorrow there," you conclude at once that the aforesaid choir will not be permitted to sing.

"What is the meaning of a backbiter?" asked a gentleman at a Sunday school examination. It went down the class until it came to a boy who said "Perhaps it's a flea."

"Paddy," said a joker, "why don t you get your ears cropped; they are entirely too long for a man." "And yours ought to be lengthened," replied Pat; they are too short for an ass."

Edison is inventing a machine that will nail 1,000 campaign lies to the counter in an hour. He expects to have it in the market before the campaign of 1880 begins to boom.

Before marriage a man is generally greeted by his sweetheart with: "My darling, is it you?" after marriage she generally rushes to the door and shouts, "Hugh Henry, wipe your boots."

They have a new way of hatching chickens in the West, by which a single maternal fowl is made to do the duty of a hundred. They fill a barrel with eggs and place a hen on the bunghole.

It makes a stuttering man awful mad to be drawn into a discussion about the "remonetization of the dollar of our fathers" and the necessity of an introconvertible bimetallic currency."

Last Sunday a Sunderland superintendent, after the lesson was closed, asked the little boys the following question from the smaller question-book: "Who knows better than father or mother?" A little five-year-old promptly responded, 'I do."

At last it has been discovered "How to keep a boy on the farm." The plan is to kill him and bury him six feet deep in the barnyard. This rule does not apply in Ohio, however, where body-snatching makes it extremely doubtfull where the boy would be a week after burial.—*Norristown Herald.*

"What shall I preach about?" said a minister to the pastor of a colored flock which he was to address. "Well, mos' any subject will be 'ceptable," was the reply; "only I'd like to gib you one word ob caution." "Ah! what is that?" Well, ef I was you, I'd tech werry light on de Ten Commandments." "Indeed! and why?" "Oh, cos I hab notise dat dey mos' always hab a damp'nin effect on de congregation."

An irascible old gentleman who formerly held the position of Justice of the Peace was recently accosted in the street in a manner that did not come up to his honor's idea of the respect due him. "Young man," said he, "I fine you twenty shillings for contempt of court." "Why Judge," said the offender, "you are not in session." "This court," replied the Judge, "is always in session and consequently always an object of contempt.

HUSBAND. "Why not take that dress dear, and have done with it?"

Wife (*with cutting irony*). "Certainly, darling, if you don't mind the expense of having the drawing-room refurnished."

Husband. "Drawing-room refurnished?"

Wife. "Well, yes; you can hardly expect me to sit on a red sofa in a magenta dress; and I should have thought that it was more economical to have a dress to suit the room than to have the room altered to suit the dress. But you know best, of course."

The Gem of Gems.

From the Troy Times.

The ruby is the gem of gems, and is so called from the redness which commonly characterizes it. The true ruby, or red saphire, is said to be the most valuable of gems when of large size, good color and free from fault, so that it exceeds even the diamond in worth and beauty. It is harder than any other known substance except the diamond, which alone among precious stones it will not cut. It is suceptible of electricity by friction and retains it for some hours. It also possesses double refraction in a slight degree. The ruby consists of nearly pure alumina, or clay, with a minute portion of iron as the coloring matter.

The finest variety of rubies comes from Pegu, where they are found in the Capelan mountains, others are found in Ava, Siam, Ceylon, Bohemia, France, Saxony, Australia, Borneo and Sumatra. The Burmese mines have long been famous—the working of them is a royal monoply, and the king has among other titles that of "lord of the rubies." One of the Burmese princes has in his possession a ruby that is valued at $60,000,000. An Indian prince had one of near 24 karats, and it was bought for 156 pounds' weight of gold. The Czarina of Russia was presented by Gustave III. of Sweeden, in 1777, with an exquisite ruby the size of a pigeon's egg. It is still among the crown jewels in the Russian treasury. Among the French crown jewels is a valuable ruby, which is cut into the form of a dragon with outspread wings; and there is said to have been one in Paris which weighed 106½ karats. One of the finest rubies in the world is said to be in the possession of the King of Pegu. Its excessive purity is the legend of the country, and its approximate value has never been ventured upon. It is considered absolutely invaluable. Miss Burdett Coutts, of London, is the fortunate possessor of a superb ruby of wonderful size and purity. The Cathedral of the City of Mexico is the paridise of rubies. A chalice and two censers belonging to the Cathedral are ornamented with 176 rubies. It is said that the chuch dare not put even an approximate value upon them. The Imperial Library of France also possesses an exquisitely engraved ruby representing Valentine III. In China the ladies, it is said, decorate their slippers with rubies.

The Brazilian ruby is declared to be a pink topaz, inferior to the true ruby, yellow in its natural state, and colored artificially. It is, unfortunately, beyond the power of ordinary chassers to pronounce any critical opinion upon rubies, except as regards their appearance, size and color, the best being that known as "pigeon's blood," which is a pure, deep, rich red, quite free from blue or yellow. A ruby cannot be fused by itself, but in combination with a flux it may be melted into a clear glass; at an intense heat it turns green, but again resumes its color on cooling.

Rubies may be faulty,—in other words, may have flaws, speck, a silky or milky appearance, or a tint which is too dark or too light. But fashion goes for something, and violet or pale colored rubies may sometimes rise very much in value. The least liable to fluctuate are those of the renowned "pigeon's blood" hue. Small rubies, such as are used for the jewels of watches, are very abundant, and are generally bought by the pound weight. Imitations of rubies are made, and for a time look well, and even real rubies of small size have been produced artificially. An instrument called the polariscope is now used for detecting false stones. The ruby may be set either alone or in groups, or in conjunction with other precious stones. Few jewels have a more admirable appearance than those in which a large ruby is surrounded by diamonds. In the East they often make a cavity in the lower part of the back of a stone and fill it up with highly polished gold dust. This heightens the brilliancy of rubies amazingly.

Preferred Debtors.

We remember having read, in a letter from a tourist in our Northwestern States, a description of the difficulty of shooting the rapids of one of our Northern rivers and the slow process of poling up stream again. Two of the settlers undertook to dispense with the usual boatmen; the boat was upset, and the two adventurers were swept rapidly down the river. A tall, gaunt shopkeeper ran down the pier crying, "Save the red-headed one! For heaven's sake, save that man with the red head!" This started the people to work, and they saved him. The tall, gaunt man waited to see that life was not quite extinct, and then turned away with the remark, "I wouldn't have had that man drowned for consid'able. He owes me sixteen dollars." "Well, there's something in that," said one of the bystanders. "I expect a man don't know how valuable he is in this world till he owes somebody some money. Then folks want to know where he's goin'."

TACT.—There is nothing more useful in a family, as a cushion to every fall, a buffer to every blow, than tact. It always knows the right thing to say, the exact thing to do; it knows how to lift the pleasant hand at the very moment for smoothing ruffle plumage; it knows on debatable questions how to put others into such good humour that it can cary its point; it never alludes to a forbidden subject; it turns conversation from dangerous approaches; it never sees what is best unseen; it does not answer to that which requires a scathing reply if heard at all; it remembers names and faces; it has the *a propos* anecdote; if it does not go out of the way to flatter, neither does it go out of the way to blame; where it cannot praise it is silent, and it never consents to mortify. Thus tact, it would appear, is a species of kindness, a dislike to wound as well as a desire to give pleasure—perhaps also a species of selfishness in its automatic shrinking from crying, quarrelling, and discomfort of any kind.

SARATOGA is to have a new and elegant opera house this season, at the northeast corner of the Grand Union block, and a large skating rink on the Hathorn Spring grounds. A recent bad flavor in Congress water has been found to proceed from the running of surface water into the spring, and the cause of the trouble has been removed. James M. Marvin is to be this year's landlord of the United States; Henry Clair is proprietor of the Grand Union, instead of manager as heretofore; H. H. Southgate and [illegible] the latter from [illegible] Hous[illegible]

Charles Leland continues at the Clarendon. The music at the leading hotels will probably be better than last year. There will be fully as much boat racing and horse racing as ever.

Close of the Afghan War.

One of Lord Beaconsfield's wars has been cut short. While military operations in South Africa are still dragging on, peace has been dictated in Afghanistan. The last campaign in that quarter cost as much as $85,000,000, and ended ingloriously. The British are luckier this time. Yakoob Khan has sued for peace before the Indian Exchequer is squeezed dry. The conditions of peace have not been announced with precision, but it is clear that the Viceroy has made a good bargain. Jelalabad and Candahar are not to be permanently occupied by the conquerors, but the valleys where the three invading columns have been encamped are virtually annexed to India. The famous Khyber Pass becomes a British outpost; the Khyrum and Khost Valleys are converted into Indian granaries, and an intrenched camp is established within four days' march of the Ameer's capital; and the main gateway in the mountains between Quettah and Candahar is to be fortified and garrisoned. These are positive gains. British ascendancy is restored in the neutral zone between India and Turkestan, and a frontier which Lord Beaconsfield, will complacently accept as entirely scientific has been secured. In this way a war of which Englishmen had already grown weary is brought to a close in good season, and these accessions of territory are prima facie evidence that it has not been a wholly unprofitable undertaking. The campaign has been well planned and boldly executed, and while the enemy's capital has not been occupied, the conquerors have made peace on their own terms, and accomplished all they sought to do. The Russian intrigue at Cabul has been brought to naught, and Great Britain has acquired new prestige as an Asiatic Power.

These are immediate gains. On the other hand grave responsibilities have been incurred. The domestic relations of the Afghan tribes must henceforth be controlled by British agents at Cabul and Candahar. The Ameer, who has made peace with the British commanders, must be kept upon the throne, and if his rivals aspire to the succession and offer resistance they must be crushed by Sepoy battalions. Afghanistan, with its warlike tribes and the facilities which it offers for Russian intrigue, must be regarded as a prospective province to be administered in the interests of Great Britain, whose shoulders are already overweighted with the burdens of the world's government.

Culture of Tea.

The great tea districts of China are situated among the mountains and hills several hundred miles from the sea-coast. The culture of the tea is carried on principally by families and individuals whose tea farms or "gardens" rarely exceed one or two acres. Though sometimes called "plantations," they never approach, in extent, the cotton or rice plantations of our Southern States. The real business of the country people is raising rice for food; but they cultivate tea and silk as extras to obtain pocket-money.

There is but one common tea-plant from which all the varities known to commerce are made. But for the sake of convenience, and from custom, the manufacture of different kinds, such as Oolong, Congou, Souchong, Green, and other sorts, is generally carried on in separate districts, the workmen preferring to make such as "their fathers made," and with which they are most familiar.

The distinction in teas is due to the process of manufacture (*i.e.*, drying and preparing it for consumption and export, and not to the leaf itself. Green teas retain their natural color from being quickly roasted over a hot fire immediatly after they are gathered. Black teas are allowed to stand for some time in heaps to wilt, and some varieties to slightly ferment, when they are slowly dried over a charcoal fire, and after having been partially dried by the sun. These different methods of curing imparts to tea from the same plants the peculiarities of flavor observed in various sorts. The twist, or style of the leaf, is varied by the manner of manipulation or rolling in the hands while drying or roasting.

The tea season opens in the southern district early in April, when the "first picking," which is much the best, takes place. Travellers tell of tea drank in China valued there at twenty dollars per pound. Such tea is made from young buds just bursting into leaves, one pound of which contains all the active principle of the ten pounds which the same leaf would make when full grown. Of course such tea would be too expensive for common use.

The first regular crop is gathered when the leaves have attained from one-quarter to one-half of their full size; the younger growth being finer in quality and less in quantity, and therefore more expensive. New crops of leaves follow the first. These are also gathered and cured as fast as large enough. Ten days or a fortnight of good weather will bring each growth to proper maturity.

The scattering leaves left on the plant, after each picking become mixed with subsequent gatherings, and being older, lessen their value. As the hot weather of midsummer approaches, the final harvest takes place. Quantity, not quality, is now the object, and the full-grown leaves, many of them old and dead are stripped from the shrubs and made up to look as well, to the inexperianced eye, as the "first picking," This last crop is packed "expressly for export," and much of the tea brought to this country consists of such stuff. It is of but little more value as a beverage than an infusion of some of the savory herbs which grow wild in our fields, and not half so palatable.

SLEEPLESSNESS.—The Boston *Journal of Chemistry* gives some hints to the many persons who nowadays suffer from sleeplessness. One of the most efficient means of inducing natural sleep, it says, is the application of mustard plaster in the abdomen. Preyer, of Jena, advocates the administration of a freshly-made solution of lactate of soda, or of some milk or whey. Where the sleeplessness depends upon brain exhaustion. Dr. Hollis recommends the administration, just before [illegible] of a tumblerful of hot claret [illegible] nutmeg. [illegible]

In hot weather to sprinkle the floor of the sleeping apartment with water lessens the irritant properties of the air, adding much to the comfort of the sleepers; possibly the quantity of ozone is at the same time increased. When sleep is broken by severe pain, opium or morphia is of value. In the wakefulness due to neuralgia, it is often better to inject a small dose of morphia hypodermically near the branch of the affected nerve, than to administer it by the mouth.

Harold Skimpole Redidivivus.

Philosophers of the *Harold Skimpole* school are exempt from the agencies which render other men dull at times. They have no cares, no anxieties, no worries; they toil not, neither do they spin, and know not what it is to be weary. They take no thought for to-morrow; for the world is their oyster, and as long as gullibility, simplicity, timidity, and cowardice are to be found there, they need feel no uneasiness. All they ask is to live—a request so reasonable and moderate that society must perforce comply with it. As to the "how?" that is no affair of theirs, that is your lookout; it is a mere matter of detail, and they have no head for detail; they never pretended to have. All they know is, they must live. It may be that an *Esther Summerson*, here and there, will think she sees a flaw in this reasoning; but to the mass of woman-kind (blessings on their tender heart!) it seems unimpeachable, that they cannot understand those hard-hearted skeptics who refuse to recognize its cogency, and withhold their sympathy from a creature so bright and cheery and amiable and pleasant as the loose man is, with all his little failings. When I think how widely distributed loose men are, and that probably one family in five has or had a specimen somewhere among its branches, I shudder at the idea of the indignation these pages will excite, and of the many gentle readers who will say, "Odious man! I'm sure he must have met poor dear Charley somewhere;" or, "This must be a horrid cruel caricature of darling Harry—it's so much like him." Still, the truth must out; the women are responsible directly or indirectly, for a great deal of the looseness that is abroad. It is not merely that they abet and give aid and comfort to the loose man, but they are not unfrequently the original cause of his looseness. The ignoble army of martyrs to this malady is largely recruited from the class of mothers' darlings, family pets, and spoiled children, whose undoing is wholly woman's work. The young cub soon discovers the potency of feminine influence and the art of securing it. He finds how easy it is, when backed up by female authority, to "gang his ain gait" and be idle and self-indulgent, and becomes confirmed in that way of life, just as a skittish young horse, finding how easily he throws a loose-seated rider, becomes a confirmed buck-jumper. The women, he knows, will beg him off, will screen him, will stand between him and masculine anger, and in process of time he learns how to utilize them for his more serious scrapes in a roundabout way, reminding one of the "House that Jack built." He wheedles the sisters to coax mamma to bully papa to draw the check, to meet the bill that raised the money that Jack spent.—*The Cornhill Magazine*

America Ahead.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet. The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can take a voyage on the subterranean river and catch fish without eyes. The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4000 miles long. The largest valley of the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains 5,000,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile regions of the globe. The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains 2700 acres. The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago. The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1000 feet deep. The longest railroad at present is the Pacific railroad over 3000 miles in length. The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob of Missouri. It is 250 feet high and two miles in circuit. The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for orphants, Philadelphia. The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct, New York. Its length is forty and one-half miles and it cost $12,500,000. The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually and appear to be inexhaustible.

THE latest from the Michigan fruit belt is the following dispatch from Grand Haven to yesterday's *Inter-Ocean*: "The present outlook for an abundant fruit crop in this locality, including Spring Lake and Grand Haven, has never been more promising. The peech trees have blossomed profusely. Although general dry weather has prevailed during the spring months, yet the thrift of fruit-bearing vines and trees has not been retarded, while occasional light showers have afforded all needed moisture. Fears had been felt that the succession of recent frosty nights would be damaging to raspberries, but they seem to be recovering all right. The same may be said of pears, although some cause of doubt exists in regard to the condition of the latter. There is a well-founded prospect of an abundant crop of strawberries, and of fine quality. The early varieties will be ripe for market by the second week in June, according to present indications."

MARCH OF EDUCATION.—Newsboy: "*Pall Mall, Globe, Stan——*" Old Gentleman: "Any news, my boy?" Newsboy: "*Echo*, sir, or *Evening Stan——*" Old Gentleman: "But is there any news this evening?" Newsboy: "You want me to give you a *pressee*, do you? Shan't!" (Exit.) Old Gentleman (to himself): "Dear, me! a precis'! This comes o' those School Boards."—Punch.

The auditor's report of Kentucky for the year 1878 shows the number of sheep killed by dogs in the State to be 7,695, valued at $22,602, against 11,598 killed in 1877, valued at $37,144. The decrease is attributed to a new dog law.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

The Three Wishes.

One evening in winter, a man and his wife seated by their fire, were conversing about the happiness of their richer neighbors.

"Oh, if I were able to have all I wished I'd soon be happier than all these people," said the wife.

"And I, also," said the husband. "I wish I had lived in the time of the friries, and that one would give me all I wished for."

At that moment they saw in their room a beautiful lady. "I'm a fairy," said she. "I promise to give you three things; but take care, after having wished for three things, I can give you nothing more."

The fairy disappeared; the man and his wife were much embarrassed.

"For myself," said the wife, "I know well what I will wish. I do not wish yet wish it; but I think there is nothing so good as to be beautiful and rich."

"But," said her husband, "with that, one may be sick and die young. Wish for health and long life."

"And of what use is a long life if one is poor," said his wife. "That only helps to make one unhappy a longer time. In truth the good fairy should have promised to give us a dozen gifts; for there are, at least, a dozen things which we need."

"That is true," said the husband. "But let us take time and consider until to-morrow morning the three things which are the most necessary for us."

"I wish to think all night," said she. "In the meantime let us warm ourselves, for it is cold."

Then the woman took the tongs and stirred the fire; and as she saw she had much charcoal well-lighted, she said, without thinking:

"See the good fire! I wish I had a yard of black-pudding for our supper! We could easily cook it."

Hardly had she said these words when there fell a yard of pudding down the chimney.

"A pest upon the gourmand with her pudding!" said the husband. "Behold what a beautiful wish! As for myself, I am so angry that I wish that you had the pudding on the end of your nose!"

In a moment he perceived that he had been still more foolish than his wife. For at this second wish the pudding leaped to the end of the nose of the poor woman, who could not pull it off.

"How unhappy I am?" cried she. "You are wicked to wish this pudding on the end of my nose."

"I assure you, my dear wife, that I did not think of it," replied her husband. "But what shall we do? I will wish for great riches, and I will make you a golden case to hide the pudding."

"Oh, no!" replied she. "I will kill myself if it is necessary to live with this on the end of my nose, believe me. There remains to us one more wish. Let me have it, or I will throw myself from the window."

"Stop, my dear wife; I give you permission to wish what you will."

"Ah well, I wish this pudding should fall to the ground!"

It fell; and she said to her husband: "I see the fairy has mocked us, and she had reason to. Perhaps if we had riches we should be more unhappy than we are at present. Let us sup upon our pudding, since it is all that remains of our wishes."

The husband thought that his wife was right; and they ate gaily, without troubling themselves more about the things they had meant to have wished for.—*Wide Awake.*

Has an Ax to Grind.

When I was a little boy, I remember, one cold winter morning. I was accosted by a smiling man, with an ax on his shoulder.

"My little boy," said he, "has your father a grindstone?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"You are a fine little fellow," said he.

"Will you let me grind an ax on it?"

Pleased with the compliment of "a fine little fellow," "Oh, yes, sir," I answered; "it is down in the shop."

"And will you, my man," said he, patting me on the head, "get me a little hot water?"

How could I refuse? I ran and soon brought a kettleful.

"How old are you? and what is your name?" continued he, without waiting for a reply. "I'm sure you are one of the finest lads that ever I have seen. Will you turn a few minutes for me?"

Tickled with the flattery, like a fool I went to work, and bitterly did I rue the day. It was a new ax, and I toiled and tugged, till I was almost tired to death. The school bell rang, and I could not get away: my hands were blistered, and it was not half ground. At length, however, the ax was sharpened, and the man turned to me, saying:

"Now, you little rascal, you've played the truant; now, scud away to school or you'll get it."

Alas! thought I, it was hard enough to turn a grindstone this cold day, but now to be called a rascal was too much. It sunk deep into my mind, and often have I thought of it since.

When a merchant is over-polite to his customers, begging them to take a little brandy, and throwing his goods on the counter, thinks I, "That man has an ax to grind."

When I see a man flattering the people, making great professions of liberty, and prating loudly about economy, who is in private a tyrant, methinks, "Look out, good people, that fellow would see you turning a grindstone."

Beware of people who pay compliments when there is no particular occasion for so doing. They have an ax to grind, and it is not yours.—*Dr. Franklin.*

"De mortuis nil nisi malum."—"His acts made him immoral, and he lives more than ever," were the words of a minister at a funeral; but the compositor put it in this fashion, "His acts made him immortal, and he lies worse than ever."

Prof. Ingersoll of the Agricultural College has been enjoying a short vacation visiting the agricultural colleges of neighboring States.

Owasso Republican: Owing to sharp competition the price of wool has reached the unexpected figure of 35 cents per pound. Taking into consideration the past cold weather, a considerable amount of wool has already been bought in this city. Gregory & McHardy bought one large lot of Mr. Millard at 35¾ cents per pound.